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The Bucks County Gazette.

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THE WILD WELSH COAST.
Nearly three-fourths of the entire circuit of Wales is seacoast. A great part of this coast is rugged and dangerous, but there are frequently recurring harbors of refuge easily and safely entered. Steep and forbidding cliffs, with fronts of iron, black, jagged, frowning, receive the Atlantic's rudest buffeting grimly. The southern shore of Wales, from a point just below Cardiff to the extreme westernmost reach of land at St. David's Head, is washed by an ocean whose sweep is unbroken straight across to the coast of Newfoundland. At various points the cruel cliffs are made still more cruel by huge rocks scattered about at a distance from the mainland, as if the shore were showing its teeth in warning to the mariner. Where this frowning front is broken occur bights and bays of exquisite beauty, with long reaches of tawny sand, which the waves lap lazily of a summer afternoon, or across which wild waves howl in the storm. It is a striking line of coast, full of fascination in itself to the lover of the picturesque; but more, to every crowing summit stands a castle, olden, looking seaward, with its hoary facades and battlemented towers—perhaps crumbling still slowly away, as it has been crumbling for centuries. At every lovely harbor is an Old World village, or a great town with clanking hammer, the one rich, and the other poor, but both dowered with those aspects of antiquity which are so dear to the eyes of the cultured American.

GEORGE'S VALENTINE.

By V. J. METCALVE.

On St. Valentine's Day there was no five o'clock tea in Mrs. Croft's drawing-room. It was swept and garlanded. Many waxen candles gleamed in the candelabra, but they were unlighted, only the right firelight lit up the room and threw a soft glow over the fresh cut flowers and bric-a-brac that adorned it.

Evidently something unusual had occurred or was about to do so. Such was a truth the case.

On this evening Mrs. Croft was giving ball to everybody—everybody who was anybody in the town was bidden.

A clink of tea-things sounded in the hall and proceeded upstairs to Miss Croft's boudoir, where she and her cousin Mary, who had arrived an hour previously, were sitting in all the luxury of dressings and unbound hair.

"And he sent you this, George?" said Mary, holding up a wonderful work of art composed of lace and swan's down with a humming bird nestling in the centre.

"Yes," answered George, laughing. "It's a beauty, isn't it?"

"And you really sent him that one, as you said you would?"

"Yes, I posted it this afternoon before came to meet you."

"Well, you are a brave young woman," rejoined George. "I wouldn't have him now for the world. However, we shall see what he looks like to-night. I say, Mary, it's a quarter to seven—we haven't any time to dress."

In the town of Mullington, where the conversation took place, and in the principal inn known as the Royal, on the night of the 25th, St. Michael Delaney, close to the fire of the cheerless sitting-room.

Mr. Delaney was an Irish gentleman of good family, who was blessed with a handsome fortune and, moreover, a handsome residence. Both being taken into consideration, it was not strange that he was on admitted into the limited society of Mullington in the Crofts moved.

To-night he had returned in a fit and weary mood from the hunting-field and was now giving himself up to a pipe and his own thoughts.

Would it not be better, he thought, or him to have a nice home in the "ould boory" with a nice little wife instead of knocking about the world at the mercy of a valet and the hotel people? And then he fell to picturing the little wife, and how he always thought of her in connection with George Croft.

"He has an idea George rather liked him. Suppose—"

At this moment the fire burst into a right blaze and he perceived for the first time a little package lying on the mantel-piece.

"A valentine, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps it's from George?" but as he examined the direction a cry of dismay and alarm escaped him. "Goodness!" he ejaculated in wrath. "That leen Bingham girl!"

Some moments elapsed before he recovered sufficiently to open the packet; but at length he did so and disclosed a tiny pill-box on the lid was written: "This pill to be taken once in a lifetime."

Inside the box was a wee doll attired as a bride, beautifully dressed, even with a wreath and veil. I am sorry to say that Mr. St. Michael Delaney crushed the pretty toy in his hand and dropped it with a gesture of contempt in the fire, saying, with a somewhat dismal laugh: "By Jove! that would be a pill and no mistake."

Three hours later Mrs. Croft's rooms presented the appearance of a kaleidoscope, so brilliant were the rich jewels and dainty costumes worn.

It is, perhaps, well to say that Delaney was there and was mostly seen at the side of George, who looked very sweet in her simple gown of white silk. At the supper table, where he had the fortune to take Miss Croft in, they had for their viands, Mary and a young Irish officer called Neil O'Brien. This young gentleman, much to Mike's advice, began a bantering conversation with George across the table.

"Get many valentines?" he asked.

George laughed. "Yes, a few."

"A few?" ejaculated the young man. "Ah! Mike, that's the way our hearts are tramped on. And which did you like the best?" he continued.

George blushed. "Oh, ah—I can't know," she stammered. Here Mary Croft laughed. "I don't know who they are all from," said George, in a happy inspiration.

"Could you not guess?" murmured a deep voice by her side.

THE LAND OF THE FALSE PROPHECY.

By K. COLSTON.

"The Land of the False Prophecy" is the title of the opening illustrated article in the March Century, by General R. K. Colston, who was formerly a bey in the Egyptian service. From it we quote the following: "Khartoum is a city numbering between fifty and sixty thousand people. Several European consuls reside there. The American consul was Azar Abdel-Melek, a Christian Copt from Assiut, and one of the principal merchants. The European colony is small and continually changing; for Khartoum is a perfect graveyard for Europeans, and in the rainy season for natives also, the mortality averaging then from thirty to forty per day, which implies three thousand and for the season. Khartoum is the commercial center of the Sudan trade, amounting altogether to sixty-five million dollars a year, and carried on by one thousand European and three thousand Egyptian commercial houses. Drafts and bills of exchange upon Khartoum are as good as gold in Cairo and Alexandria, and vice versa. From official sources I learned that the city contained three thousand and sixty houses, many of them two-storied, each having from ten to one hundred and fifty occupants. Stone and lime are found in abundance, and the buildings are, after a fashion, substantial, the houses belonging to the rich merchants being very spacious and comfortable. There are large bazars, in which is found a much greater variety of European and Asiatic goods than would be expected in such distant regions. In the spacious market place a brisk trade is carried on in cattle, horses, camels, asses, and sheep, as well as grain, fruit, and other agricultural produce. Many years ago an Austrian Roman Catholic mission was established and liberally supported by the Emperor of Austria and by contributions from the entire Catholic world. It occupies a large parallelogram surrounded by a solid wall. Within this enclosure, in beautiful gardens of palm, fig, pomegranate, orange, and banana, stands a massive cathedral, a hospital, and other substantial buildings. Before the people of Egypt and the Sudan had been irritated by foreign interference, such was their perfect toleration and good temper that the priests and nuns, in their distinctive costumes, were always safe from molestation, not only at Khartoum, but even at El Obeid and the neighborhood, where the majority are Mussulmans and the rest heathens. It was stated some months ago that Gordon had abandoned the Governor's palace and transferred the Catholic mission into a fortress, its surrounding wall and massive buildings rendering it capable of strong resistance."

ENGLISH SYNONYMS.—The copiousness of the English tongue, as well as the difficulty of acquiring the ability to use its immense vocabulary correctly, is well exhibited in the following array of synonymous words, which, if not new, is yet a capital illustration of nice distinctions which characterize so many of our vocabularies. It is no wonder that we slip occasionally, even the wisest of us. A little girl was looking at the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed: "See what a flock of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships is called a fleet, and that a fleet of ships is called a fleet. And here we would add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect to nouns of multitude, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a hord, and a hord of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of boards is called a drove, and a drove of oxen is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlemen is called the elite, and the elite of the city's thieves and rascals is called the ruffians.

LOOK TO YOUR SPICES.—It is important, say an expert, to look well to the adulteration of spices. Mustard is adulterated with sulphate of lime, naphthalene and dark flour. Black pepper is reduced with charcoal, buckwheat chaff, mustard bean, ground coconut and dried potatoes; Cayenne pepper with corn meal colored with Venetian red; allspice or pimento with cocoon shells; cloves with clove stems and cocoa shells; nutmeg with ground crackers, stale bread and biscuits, baked and ground; ginger with corn meal, Cayenne pepper and turmeric. Cream of tartar is adulterated with terra alba and corn flour. To know that cream of tartar is pure take half a teaspoonful of it and put it in a tumbler of hot water. If pure it will dissolve without sediment.

TO REMOVE AN IRON CHIP FROM THE EYE.—There is some one in the shop who is called upon to operate on the crushed finger or chip in the eye. So let him provide himself with a sharp-pointed blade, thoroughly magnetized, and in many cases he can remove a troublesome piece of iron or steel without touching the eye.

A benefit for the poor, at the Phoenixville skating rink, cleared \$53.75.

THE LAND OF MONTEZUMA.

By K. COLSTON.

"Mexico," writes a correspondent, "is a mighty empire lying on our southern borders, and that under the new civilizing forces which are now throbbing from centre to circumference its future growth and grandeur will astonish the world. In round numbers its present population ranges from ten to twelve millions, one half of which consists of Mexicans or 'mixed' people, and the other half is composed of Creoles and Indians. When Cortez conquered this country in 1521 there followed a commingling of Spanish and Aztec elements of character, so that the genuine Mexican is a mongrel, with the blood of both the Spaniard and Indian flowing through his veins, and, as some have said, embodying the views of both races with the virtues of neither. But this broad statement requires qualification. There are two extreme views of the Mexican, with the truth occupying the golden mean between them. The English traveller, Burton, represents the lower extreme. He says: 'The Mexican as a people rank decidedly low in the scale of humanity. They are deficient in moral as well as physical organization; they are treacherous, cunning, indolent, and without energy and cowardly by nature. Inherent, instinctive cowardice is rarely met with in any race of men, yet I affirm that in this instance it certainly exists and is conspicuous.' The other extreme is sometimes advocated by the civil and ecclesiastical rulers of their people, who claim for them the highest type of civilization, which in point of fact they do not possess. Many of their social habits and religious rites are to us simply revolting, and in their present state of intellectual and moral culture I certainly would not desire to dwell among them. But then all reasonable allowances must be made to their early education and existing circumstances."

Brantz Mayer alludes to them in the following well-considered words: "I think it," says he, "exceedingly reasonable that the Mexicans should be shy of foreigners. They have been educated in the strict habits of the Catholic creed, the customs of the country are different from others, the strangers who visit them are engaged in the eager contests of commercial strife, and besides, being of different religion and language, they are chiefly from those Northern nations whose tastes and feelings have nothing kindred with the impulsive dispositions of the ardent South. In addition to the selfish spirit of gain that pervades the intercourse of these visitors, and gives them no character by permanency, or sympathy with the country, they have been accustomed to look down on the Mexicans with contempt for their obsolete habits, without reflecting that they are not justly censurable for traditional usages, which they have no opportunity of improving by comparison with the progress by civilization among other nations. Yet, treating these people with the frankness of a person accustomed to find himself at home wherever he goes, availing the egotisms of natural prejudices, and meeting them in a spirit of benevolence, I have ever found them kind, gentle, hospitable, intelligent, benevolent, brave."

I speak, however, of the just milieu of society, wherein resides the virtue and intellect of a country. When you meet a Mexican at home you are sure to be greeted with his familiar phrase "my house and all it contains is very much at your disposal, sir," a kindly sentiment which those of professing and higher civilization might more often cultivate to their credit."

A STORY OF A NEW ROSE.—The new rose, Beauty of America, now the sensation in Washington, has a history. It is well known that Mr. Brancor, the horticulturist, has in his grounds at Washington one of the rarest and finest collection of roses in America. His gardener was privileged to take the seeds produced to experiment on, and thousands of plants were raised from these, but only one plant showed indications of excellence. This was a poor, tiny, neglected one growing among others. It probably would have been lost to cultivation had it not been seen by a florist, who purchased the plant two years ago from the original grower for the sum of seventy-five cents.

Two years in the hands of the florist has produced plants enough to sell this spring for \$5,000, all of which are already sold to New York and Philadelphia in lots ranging from 500 to 1,000. These plants are but an inch high and cost \$50 a hundred.

Such results are very encouraging to the originators of new varieties. Within two years three roses have been introduced—the Sunset of last spring brought the originator \$15,000; the Bennett, of Philadelphia, will net \$10,000, while the Beauty of America will bring \$5,000.

The natural gas obtained from the bosom of the earth in boring wells for petroleum is now reduced to such a systematic source of supply for fuel and light in Allegheny and the neighboring counties of western Pennsylvania, on so large a scale and with so much success, as to produce a serious effect on the coal trade of that section, as well as upon the cost of pure productive industry, so that Pittsburgh promises to be able to undersell other manufacturing cities in various staples. The most wonderful part of the business is a proposition which we find in print to bring this natural gas to Philadelphia in pipes.

OLD NEWSPAPERS.

By K. COLSTON.

They are of more use than would appear at first glance. We subscribe to the daily newspaper because we must be informed on all the affairs of the day. Then many think the next thing is to relegate them to the kitchen in order to provide kindling for the household fires, and it must be confessed that Bridget makes very free use of them in that way.

But they serve so many excellent purposes besides that it seems a pity to let Bridget have full sway, though she may try to convince you that it is impossible to get breakfast without even using those of the very latest dates.

It has been several times suggested by economists that newspapers can be made to take the place of blankets in guarding from cold, and it is a fact well worthy of notice that they have been proved very satisfactory in making light, convenient and warm bed coverings when others cannot be had. Travellers would do well to bear this in mind when far from the region of hotels, and not throw their paper out of the car window, or leave it on their seat in changing cars, for there is no telling how useful it may prove in some emergency to ward off cold. As a preventive of that fatal disease, pneumonia, a folded newspaper laid beneath the outer clothing across the chest is said to be infallible.

This has been confirmed to the writer by the testimonies of an individual whose avocations kept him constantly exposed to all weather, night and day. He was a resident of a country village, a perfect type of a hearty, strong, vigorous man, and he accounted for his robust health, notwithstanding his exposures, by saying that, although inheriting consumptive tendencies, he had been able to rest at times through the simple precaution of always wearing a newspaper folded over his chest under his coat.

As a preventive of cold feet, a piece of newspaper folded in the sole is quite equal to, if not so elegant or so expensive as, cork or lamb skin soles, being light, soft and easily renewed.

If you wish to test the powers of a newspaper in excluding a cold, try tacking one doubly folded, between your window and your stand of plants, and see how nicely they will be protected, how frosty the windows will consequently be.

Newspapers will in the autumn, before severe frosts come on, effectually protect green-house plants, before you take them up, from cold and wind.

The writer remembers once driving up about dusk to a country place, and being startled at seeing what looked like a platoon of ghosts drawn up in white array before the house, which turned out to be, on closer inspection, rows of tender plants all tied up in newspapers to protect them from the sudden frosts incident to the season, that in one night might cut them all down. We have known tomato plants protected in the same way, and made to ripen in the open garden much longer by this inexpensive, easy precaution within every one's reach.

Old newspapers are admirable as floor coverings under carpets, or even spread under Kensington squares, retaining all the dust, which neither remains in the carpets nor sifts through to the floor; then they can be so easily removed that it is a great saving to use them in this way, especially as the dust well shaken out, the papers are equally serviceable for kindling purposes afterward, so can do double duty besides the legitimate one of heralding the news of the day.

Weather strips are now almost universal, as well as double windows, for securing warm rooms; but where, as is the case in some old-fashioned country houses, they are not procurable, newspapers can supply the deficiency well by being cut in long strips, neatly folded over, and stuffed in the interstices, and so most effectually exclude the cold outdoor air.

Old newspapers are excellent to clean windows with; slightly dampened, then rubbed till clear, they serve the purpose much better than even linen cloth, for there is no lint to rub off.

Newspapers wrapped around the feet under the stockings are an effectual protection against mosquitoes, as, with all their virtue, they cannot bite through paper.

Old newspapers are faithful mirrors of the past. As they increase in age, the very advertisements become curious. Therefore those who have no use for the modern newspaper in all the various ways we have pointed out, must find intellectual profit in storing them away till the time when some circumstance may drag them forth from their long-forgotten hiding places to claim an interest in human eyes, which perhaps they never had to such an extent before.

Illustrated papers are very useful in adorning the walls of rooms, covering up unsightly wall papers or obnoxious holes, the delight of children as well as their instructors, affording gleams of cheerfulness and pleasure in such gloomy apartments. They are of such infinite variety, too, with their lovely illustrations of poems, stories, natural history, and comic sketches, as well as portraits of beauties and notabilities, that they continually educate the public taste, and give the uneducated a glimpse of the real art that they cannot otherwise afford.—Harper's Bazar.

At a meeting of patent medicine manufacturers in New York it was agreed to suspend the rule prohibiting sales to druggists who retailed goods at "cut" rates.

A VIEW FROM THE MOON.

By K. COLSTON.

From Prof. Langley's illustrated article on "The Planets and the Moon," in his series on "The New Astronomy," in the March Century, we quote the following: "The truth is, however, that, looking at the earth from the moon, the largest moving animal, the whale or the elephant, would be utterly beyond our ken; and it is questionable whether the largest ship on the ocean would be visible, for the popular idea as to the magnifying power of great telescopes is exaggerated. It is probable that under any extraordinary circumstances our lunar observer with our best telescopes could not bring the earth within less than an apparent distance of five hundred miles; and the reader may judge how large a moving object must be to be seen, much less recognized, by the naked eye, at such a distance.

"Of course, a chief interest of the supposition we are making lies in the fact that it will give us a me sure of our own ability to discover evidences of life in the moon, if there are any such as exist here; and in this point of view it is worth while to repeat that scarcely any temporary phenomenon due to human action could be visible from the moon under the most favoring circumstances. An army such as Napoleon led to Russia might conceivably be visible if it moved in a dark solid column across the snow. It is barely possible that such a vessel as one of the largest ocean steamships might be seen, under very favorable circumstances, as a moving dot; and it is even quite probable that such a conflagration at the great fire of Chicago would be visible in the lunar telescope, as something like a reddish star on the night side of our planet; but this is all in this sort that could be discovered.

"By making minute maps, or, still better, photographs, and comparing one year with another, much however might have been done by our lunar observer during this century. In its beginning, in comparison to the vast forests which then covered the North American continent, the cultivated fields along its eastern seaboard would have looked to him like a golden fringe bordering a broad mantle of green; but now he would see that the golden fringe has pushed aside the green farther back than the Mississippi, and would gather his best evidence from the fact (surely a noteworthy one) that man, as represented by the people of the United States, has changed one of the features of his world during the present century to a degree visible in another planet?"

"JUST GUZZLE AND PAY."—"Drink is the curse of England," writes Rev. Robert Laird Collier. "England drinks coarsely and to excess. England is just about one-third drunk most of the time, and about one-third of England is drunk all the time. I write this in exaggeration to indicate just how abandoned to drink England is, just as David said he wept rivers of tears to give expression to how very badly he felt. One can put up with the drinking habits of France and Germany, but decency is so outraged that one can only look upon the customs of England with little less than disgust. In the former countries there are no classes wholly given over to drink and its brutalities; no classes that spend all they can earn, or beg, or steal on drink. But there are just such classes in every great town of Great Britain. London, Liverpool and Glasgow are the chief centres of this wretched life. The public house and gin palaces are the base of the working classes of England. They are, by their very arrangement, brutalizing in their tendency and effect. They are simply guzzling places, and this is all they are meant to be. There is no light thrown upon the picture. Not one breath of romance or poetry, not one sign of social ability or conviviality, is to be found in these hideous places. You stand up at a bar in usually close, cramped, dingy little rooms, and pour down your rum, gin, brandy, whiskey, or beer, and pay your 4 to 6 cents for it. There you can stand and drink as long as you like—so long as you can pay. No tables, no chairs, no papers—just guzzle and pay. These places are ubiquitous in Great Britain, and they suck in men, women, and children. In civilized lands there is no such provision for the brutalization of the race as this outside of England. The American 'saloon' I need not write about either by way of contrast or comparison. The 'saloon' has had enough, is dreary enough, in all conscience; but there is some little relief from the picture of unmitigated, absolute indulgence which the gin palace suggests. In the lowest quarters of all the great towns of Great Britain wretched, half-clothed, pinched-faced, cringing, almost imbecile men and women and boys, and even girls, in rage and indecency, are crowded into those places from early evening until they are closed by law at midnight, often drinking till their last penny is gone."

AN ANXIETY THAT BREEDS ILL HEALTH.—The very anxiety for health which Sir James Paget and the sanitarians inculcate is an anxiety that breeds hypochondria, and tends, to that extent at any rate, to defeat its own object. Every one must admit that the highest form of health is unconscious health, just as the highest form of beauty is unconscious beauty, and the highest form of moral excellence is unconscious moral excellence. The typical healthy man is not aware of his health; he does not think about it at all.—London Medical Times.

THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR 1000.

By K. COLSTON.

It was believed in the middle ages that the world would come to an end at the expiration of one thousand years of the Christian era. This expectation in Christian countries was universal. The year 1000 was a period of suspense, terror and awe. The histories of this dark period give vivid accounts and incidents of the state of the people under the influence of this awful apprehension. A writer in *Scientific American* reproduces the picture with much distinctness, and relates an incident of the manner that the hours were numbered on the supposed final night of the year, which might aptly suggest a dramatic subject for a poet.

When the last day of the year 999 drew the maddest had attained its height. All work of whatever kind was suspended. The market places were deserted, the shops were shut. The tables were not spread for meals; the very household fires remained unlighted. Men when they met in the streets scarcely saw or spoke to one another. Their eyes had a wild stare in them, as though they expected every moment some terrible manifestations to take place.

Silence prevailed everywhere, except in the churches, which were already thronged with eager devotees, who prostrated themselves before the shrines of their favorite saints, imploring their protection during the fearful scenes which they supposed were about to be displayed.

As the day wore on, the number of those who sought admission grew greater and greater, until every corner of the sacred edifices, large as these were, was densely crowded, and it became impossible to find room for more. But the multitude outside still strove and clamored for admission, filling the porches and doorways, and climbing up the buttresses to find a refuge on the roofs which they could not obtain inside.

A strange and solemn commentary on the text which binds men to watch because "they know not whether the master of the house will come at even, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning," was presented by the multitudes which filled the churches that night.

Watch in very truth they did. Not an eye was closed throughout that lengthened vigil; not a knee but was bent in humble supplication; not a voice but joined the penitential chant, or put up a fervent entreaty for help and protection.

There were no clocks in those days, but the flight of the hours was marked by great waxen tapers with metal balls attached at intervals to them. These fell, one after another, as the flames reached the strings by which they were secured, into a brazen basin beneath.

At the recurrence of each of these warning sounds the awe of the vast assembly seemed to deepen and intensify, as each in terrible suspense supposed that between him and the outburst of divine wrath only the briefest interval remained.

At last the night, long as it was, began to draw to an end. The chill which preceded daylight prevailed the air, and in the eastern sky the first pale gleam of morning began to show itself. The light grew stronger in the lanterns, and the flame of the candles paled before it, and at last the rays of the rising sun streamed through windows on the white and anxious faces of the watchers. The night had passed away. A new day, a new year, had begun. The text that says that "no man knoweth the day nor the hour," had a new meaning.

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e, the undersigned, committee appointed to settle the Treasurer's account, re-
 that we have attended to the same, and find a balance due the Treasurer of
 n hundred and fifteen 95-100ths dollars.

G. A. SHOEMAKER,
 W. I. TABRAM,
 W. H. S. DANIELS. } Auditing Committee.

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